UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

Can the Liberal Use the Word Religion?

By ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY

Across the Yellow River and On to Ningsia

By ANNA LOUISE STRONG

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Part IV. Chapter XI

By M. K. GANDHI

The Modern Curse

By D. RUDHYAR

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John Haynes Holmes — Francis Neilson
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Contents

EDITORIAL— Page

Notes 199

Can the Liberal Use the Word Religion?—ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY 201

Jottings—J. H. H. 203

ARTICLES—

The Outlawry of War—WILLIAM E. BORAH 199

Across the Yellow River and On to Ningsia—ANNA LOUISE STRONG 203

The Story of My Experiments with Truth—Part IV, Chapter XI—M. K. GANDHI 205

The Modern Curse—D. RUDHYAR 206

POETRY—

Unlighted Souls—MARGUERITE EMILIO 207

The Prayer of the Air Man—IRENE BOWDEN 207

THE STUDY TABLE—

Chikamatsu: Japanese Shakespeare—FREDERICK STARR 208

An Indian on "Mother India"—M. D. 209

Maligning a People—ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY ... 209

CORRESPONDENCE—

The Lausanne Conference—W. MITCHELL 210

THE FIELD—

Events in Germany During the Summer of 1927
Part II. Werkbund Exhibit: The Home
Part III. The Heidelberg Festival Plays 211

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME C MONDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1927 NUMBER 13

THE OUTLAWRY OF WAR

[AN "ARMISTICE DAY" TELEGRAM]

The day returns which recalls the sufferings and sacrifices of war and urges anew that we consider how we shall be rid of an institution which has come to dominate international affairs and to a marked degree domestic affairs. I do not believe it is possible for the human brain to devise and set up a successful plan for world peace in competition with the conceded legitimacy of war. You cannot uproot an institution so deeply grounded in the pride and passions of men and array against it the wrath of the world whose legality is conceded and whose glory is extolled. Is it not possible to devise a peace plan which will refuse to recognize war as a legitimate institution for the settlement of international disputes at any time or under any circumstances? M. Briand has suggested the first step, let us suggest the second and include Great Britain, Japan, Germany and Italy. That would furnish a real foundation for outlawing war sincerely.

WILLIAM E. BORAH.

Christmas once again on the horizon—and Christmas gifts! Gifts to our family, our kinsmen, our friends, our faithful servants and comrades, all whom we love and revere! The Christmas giving is a beautiful custom. If it is commercialized, we can free it of every taint within our hearts. If it is wasteful and ostentatious and insincere, we can transform it by our spirits into simplicity and pure delight. We can make this holiday a holy-day, if we will, by the sheer joy of what we do for others. And UNITY, and those whom UNITY can serve, would be the recipients of such bounty. Come, friends, we need you! Put UNITY on your list as a gift for some one whom you would bless not perfunctorily but genuinely. You know what UNITY means to you; think of what it might mean to another likeminded with yourself. And think of what it would mean to *us* to be the weekly messenger of your remembrance! *Subscribe for a friend!*—and make Christmas merry for us and for him.

In a recent Sunday issue of the New York *Herald-Tribune,* Rear-Admiral Bradley A. Fiske puts it all down in black and white! A "next war" is certain between America and Japan. In this war, Japan will seize the Philippines, with the secret but none the less effective support of Great Britain. The American fleet, operating from the Hawaiian Islands, will attempt their recapture and be overwhelmingly defeated. The "Filipinos will help their brother Asiatics"—a fine commentary on the success of our occupation all these years! European nations will immediately take advantage of the situation to prey upon our commerce and attack our coasts, for "is it reasonable to expect," says our gallant admiral, "that our debtor nations are going to neglect this opportunity of declaring war and forcing the cancellation of all their debts to us?" And so to ruin! It is an absurd article—so absurd as to be of negligible importance except as a revelation of an admiral's mind. What does an admiral think about? Well, here's an answer to the question: He thinks of wars, *wars,* WARS. He dreams a constant succession of nightmares about defeat and dread despair on battle-fields. Never a thought but every other nation is just waiting to assail us and destroy us! Never a suspicion that there is anything in the world but hatred, lust, and violence! Not an atom of trust and great goodwill! An admiral's mind is a charnelhouse of death; and such minds are all about us, in every nation, preparing the way for war. As we finished this article by Admiral Fiske, we chanced to turn to another article in the same paper by Ford Madox Ford on "Preparedness." In this article, we read,

> I would without reluctance join or found an international secret society, every one of whose members was pledged to assassinate any human being who declared any war, or was instrumental in promoting one, or used a bellicose threat of any kind. *Or who even suggested that today war is possible.*

This struck us as an interesting sentiment, especially in this particular issue of the *Herald-Tribune.* And we turned back to the picture of Admiral Fiske, and looked at it long and hard!

It was an evil day when Theodore Roosevelt created the secret service of the United States Government. Detectives breed like lice, and they end up by preying upon each other. They form an endless chain. We have the spectacle of the sinuous and malignant workings of the system in Washington at this moment. Most of the American people rightly stand up for their government in this mess. But in our more sober moments we must not forget who started this business. To be sure, secret detective service was not invented as late as this or the preceding generation, but it began with government. William J. Burns learned the neatest tricks of his trade as a government agent. Apparently he did not learn them well enough. His successors in governmental service are today giving him

pointers. Tomorrow a greater and a more cunning than Burns will split off from the governmental service, and will start a new private detective agency, which will overshadow Burns as Burns has of late supplanted Pinkerton. This new service will be employed by even less scrupulous big-business-men than Harry Sinclair, and the circle will be widened indefinitely, with detectives shadowing each other in such long lines that the sidewalks and back alleys will be infested with sleuths. Once the vicious circle is formed there is no stopping the spinning of its coils—except abolishing the whole business. Cut out its root in the government service itself, and it will have little strength to grow in the (to it) forbidding soil of brotherly citizenship. Doubtless a certain number of well-trained men are needed to protect the persons of the President and of other eminent public individuals from the insane attacks of fanatics. But government, like the private individual or corporation, will yield to temptation to use illicitly a power which gives it so craven an advantage over its antagonists as does an organized force of sleuths. The secret service puts the government in a false attitude of mind towards the citizenry and towards its job. This falseness breeds falseness in the thinking and conduct of the citizens. Government becomes an enemy to be circumvented, or a champion to be supported in his good or evil intent. The devil alone can clean up the mess, and only for his own ends.

Why are Republican politicians so avidious to draft Mr. Coolidge for the nomination in 1928? Is it sheer muddling and political incompetence, or is it a political sagacity which escapes the common man? Does not such avidity go far to convince the plain voter of the bankruptcy of a party whose leaders persist in such a policy? Would Mr. Coolidge, violating, in the esteem of millions of voters, a much treasured political precedent, prove to be anything like the strong candidate which their policy predicates? Is the Republican party so nearly down and out that it has no other leadership which promises success at the polls? As a matter of fact there are within reach of the party, leaders whom multitudes of American voters believe to be much more capable as administrators than is Mr. Coolidge. Why do not these leaders turn to them? However generous in his judgments the plain citizen is disposed to be, he cannot restrain suspicion of such policies as are now being practiced. It looks as though they had found from experience that Mr. Coolidge will let them have their own way, and that they are afraid that any of the other candidates available will get out of hand. Herbert Hoover, for example, has showed rare restraint during his incumbency of a cabinet office. He has apparently taken no part in the political nastiness being practiced immediately under his nose. He must have known what was going on during the Fall-Denby-Daugherty regime, and a bolder man would have resigned, or protested, or denounced. As it was, he stuck quietly to his job, as did Mr. Hughes, and did it with ever-increasing efficiency. Does this mean that, if he had real power to order affairs differently, and could himself put a stop to all such manipulations of government, he would not use it? Ask the politicians. Evidently they do not trust him. Nor do they trust Mr. Hughes. These men would not be as easy as Mr. Coolidge proved to be when he came into the presidency? Maybe, after all, the party machinists are sagacious enough to know their men. It is no wonder Mr. Coolidge is nettled by their persistence. Probably he follows their logic, and it makes him sick. It ought to!

How far democracy is vindicated and its genius expressed in the city-manager plan of municipal administration may still be a moot question, but it is noteworthy that the forces which are known to prey are found uniformly in opposition. Ohio's generally dismal political landscape is relieved by events in the two principal cities, Cleveland and Cincinnati. Doubtless all is not as it should be in either, but in neither is much as bad as it might be, thanks to the operations of this modern method of city administration. Cleveland is the largest American city administered under this plan. Strenuous effort was made again at the late election to wreck the plan and oust its administrators. The opposition was directed by skilful and embittered politicians. The margin of victory for the manager plan was doubtless reduced because good citizens entertain some suspicion of its political sponsorship. The boss who is backing the city manager is understood to be very much of a boss, though few think of the manager as his catspaw. On the other hand, nobody thinks of Cleveland as again under such incorruptible mastery as that of Tom Johnson and Newton Baker. But Cleveland is getting administration of a vastly more competent and uncorrupted type than most American cities can claim. The situation in Cincinnati is cleaner cut. The issue was more directly joined at the late election. For the first time in all of its malign history, the old Cox machine was worsted in two successive elections. Only the efficiency and popularity of the city-manager administration achieved this. The city is spending much more money than under the old, rotten regime, but the citizens are apparently voting the funds freely and gladly. They know the money is being used for the purposes for which it is voted. It is something to the good when the people who vote crooks into power cut them off with no money to spend. This is what Cincinnati has showed a disposition to do during recent administrations of the Cox machine. They are now not only keeping the new administration in office, but giving it large sums to spend in real public improvements. Advocates of the city-manager plan have always main-

tained that it is genuinely democratic. It looks as though these large Ohio cities were justifying that contention.

Multitudes of us are sons and daughters of those who achieved the American Revolution. The fact is little or no distinction. Distinction comes from expressing in these days and in the face of today's national and international concerns, the spirit and social aims of those worthies. How far do those few who have banded themselves together under the titles abbreviated to S. A. R. and D. A. R. attain that distinction? If they are to be judged by their outstanding activities and sentiments, they are to be reckoned the least entitled to the distinction they assume. Without passing judgment upon all, the impression cannot be restrained that these organizations are in many communities the center and source of intolerance and reaction, which can only undo the work of their fathers. Before the psychological blight incident to the late World War set in, the D. A. R., especially, attained a reputation which added much more to the gaiety of the nation than to its social purification or advancement. The conduct of their conventions led some wag to point out that the initials D. A. R. stood for Daughters of the Annual Rumpus. Since the World War the activities of many of the chapters have lost humor in the sense of disgust which their intolerance has engendered. Women surrounded by all of the culture and refinements which civilization is assumed to afford, express themselves with a savageness against fellow-citizens who are striving to make war forever impossible, as though the utmost they had derived from their inheritance was a desire to make carnage a permanent institution. Yet while they fly out upon those who lack their zeal for gory battle, they are even more vindictive when radical groups propose to do what their fathers did, revolt against intolerable social and economic oppression. They miss the point pathetically. Now that their activities are losing their pathos in the more sober sense of the people as a whole, the pathos of their frenzy is coming to the fore. It is sad to see grown women of good families making such spectacles of themselves.

The Indian Nationalist press is protesting against the exclusion of Indians from the Statutory Commission which has been named by the British Government to consider the workings of the steps taken years ago in the direction of self-government for India. It will be remembered that when this self-government legislation was passed, it was duly provided that, after eight years, official investigation should be made of its success or non-success. There wasn't much self-government about it, to be sure, but such as there was was worth looking into after a due period of experimentation. So the British Government, faithful to its promise, is appointing this Commission for the investigation. And, with a stupidity beautifully characteristic of the Baldwin Cabinet, all Indians have been excluded from its membership! Only Englishmen are competent to judge what is good for Indians. We don't wonder that our Indian friends are howling; we hope that they will howl louder rather than softer before they get through. Indeed, we hope that, if their protests are not heeded—as of course they will not be by the London "die-hards"—they will follow the suggestion of some of their leaders and boycott the Commission. The Bombay *Chronicle* declares that Indians have been wounded to the heart by the omission of native citizens from this important body. Such omission, it adds, stamps the Commission as a "Machiavellian device of arrogant imperialists." It did not need this action in India to prove the character of the London crowd. "Arrogant imperialism" is the dominant note these days at Geneva, in Egypt, in China, as well as in India. But this latest episode eloquently clarifies what is so well known. We shall be interested to see what the British Labor Party does with this business. Macdonald and his associates ought to use this affair not only as an opportunity to prove their good faith toward India, but as a wonderful chance to expose anew the utterly subversive and dangerous character of the Baldwin ministry.

Can the Liberal Use the Word Religion?

The right of a liberal, especially those who call themselves Humanists, to use the word religion is questioned by the fundamentalist and also by the modern scholar. The fundamentalist (and we are using the word in its largest aspect) insists that there is nothing in the liberal's religion which comes within the scope of what may be called the historic definition of religion. The primary dictionary definition of religion can be summed up in the following words: it is the belief in a superhuman power on whom man is dependent and to whom he thinks himself responsible. Religious acts are those which are necessary to secure the favor of the supernatural being.

There are innumerable definitions of religion which emphasize life rather than belief. The one that comes first to mind is that of St. James: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father, is to visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the world." There is the familiar declaration of Micah: "What does the

Lord require of Thee but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." But both of these definitions presume the existence of a supernatural power whom man was to obey and serve.

Undoubtedly the historic idea of religion identified it with belief in gods. The difference between true religion and false religion was the difference between true gods and false gods. It is because of this age-long interpretation of religion that the liberalist is challenged on both sides for his use of the words. The fundamentalist accuses him of infidelity. His failure to practice the technical ritual through which man is supposed to win favor with the gods is adduced as further evidence of his irreligion. Because the liberal does not believe in a God who violates his ethical nature, the fundamentalist calls him a down-right atheist. On the other hand, some of his fellow liberals insist that he has no right to use the word whatsoever since he does not use the word in its traditional meaning. The liberal religionist is accused of being dishonest and insincere.

A talented French scholar said to us on one occasion: "You are not talking about religion; you are talking about idealism." At another time a Professor of Sociology remarked in the course of a discussion on this subject: "Religions have been the chief curse of mankind. You are not religious because you do not believe the ancient creeds which express man's feeling of despair and defeat." Only recently a German, who holds degrees in medicine and philosophy from the University of Berlin, said: "What you call religion is not religion but ethical culture and idealism." All these objections go back to the fact that these men were all trained in childhood in the traditional idea of religion; they were taught that the first duty of man is to obey God. However learned in their own fields they may be, they fail to take cognizance of the fact that words are constantly changing their meaning.

We seldom create new words. What we do is to put new content into old words. This is why in the discussion of the most important and fundamental things in life words are poor tools for conveying ideas. The word villain has a definite meaning as used today but once it meant not the evil man but the one who lived in a village. The heathen is no longer the one who dwells on the heath but is the one who has not accepted Christianity. Prayer once meant simply petition. Now it means, in addition to petition, separation, meditation, and communion; and for some the idea of petition has entirely disappeared. So it is with the word religion. We have been putting a new content into this word with the growing thought of man with reference to himself and with reference to God. The failure to use a certain form of knife in the sacrificial office was once irreligious. Certain people once thought that it was the height of irreligion to even mention the name of God. All such ideas have been discarded by intelligent people.

Religion is an experience which cannot be formulated under one concept, but no one misunderstands the use of the word religion in reference to the life of a man of high character, noble purpose and reverent living. We sometimes say that he is a good man and other times we say that he is truly religious. In a general way we identify religion with the highest and best living.

In an ascending series we differentiate the higher from the lower not by what the higher has in common with the lower but by that which is in the higher and not in the lower. In separating man from the beast of the field we do not emphasize what man has in common with the beast or even by the characteristics which he has in a higher developed form than that possessed by the beast. Man is not simply a more clever animal. In a certain sense he can be differentiated from the animal by the fact that he uses tools. But the outstanding fact about man is that he is a seeker. He is a dreamer: he is a creator of visions. In short, out of his inner nature he creates ideals which become for him goals and challenges. He does not merely adjust himself to his environment; he does not accept the situation in which he finds himself. He dreams of a more beautful world and sets about making his dream a reality. He has a vision of a higher life and that vision commands his allegiance. He sets to himself the gigantic task of not only being master of himself but of the world in which he lives. Man is both seeker and creator.

It is because of this that the liberal insists that man is primarily a religious being. Modern science has swept with a broom of knowledge the gods from the sky. God is no longer thought of as a superman operating the machinery of the universe. God is the creative process which finds expression in man. Man becomes conscious of this process by sharing in it.

Religion is not man's particular belief but his attitude toward life. To the liberal, man is religious because he is a seeker and a creator. His belief may be important but it may be wrong. Man's chief concern is not in holding a thing to be true but in seeking what is true. In this he reveals himself as far as we know in his very highest aspects.

Science furnishes men with what they call for the moment ascertained facts. Philosophy endeavors to put these facts into some kind of recognized whole and interpret its meaning. Religion goes further and endeavors to discover what man should do and be. Religion is endeavoring to create a universe out of the chaos in which man finds himself. It is because of these aspirations that man calls himself a religious being. Knowledge has brought him to a place where he realizes he must be the creator of the new world. This is the task that gives to his life dignity, meaning, and worth.

Knowledge has brought him to a place where he realizes that there is a distinction between good and evil, or if it is preferred, betweeen the higher and lower. He reveals himself at his highest and best in his seeking to find what is for him the higher. He has developed the ethical concept of the good. So long as it remains merely an idea it is a light on the way of life. The moment he endeavors to realize this good, then this ideal of the good becomes a dynamic power, the driving force in his life. It is because the liberal sees man as a seeking, searching, longing, aspiring, creating, being that he calls him religious.

Man is defeated but rises above his defeat. He is beaten but never conquered. He falls but rises a little farther ahead. His goal is never lost sight of. A more beautiful world is always his alluring vision. He has become a god. He is determined that the ideals of justice, peace, and righteousness that have been wrought out of human experience shall find fullest realization in the life of mankind. In these endeavors he finds the rich, full, and abundant life. He knows himself to be not merely a scientist accumulating facts or a philosopher interpreting them. He is a religious being creating a new world. We do not hesitate to call that man who is sharing in this life process a religious man.

ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY.

Jottings

UNITY proposes to do its bit in keeping the Sacco-Vanzetti case alive. To this end it will continue to print such articles and poems as are available from time to time. It will also endeavor to keep its readers informed of important contributions to the subject elsewhere. Thus, we would call attention to John Dewey's "Psychology and Justice" in the November 23rd issue of the *New Republic*, the most devastating attack upon the Lowell Report which has yet appeared.

Now that the football season is over, the colleges will settle down—to preparation for the track, baseball, and rowing seasons in the Spring!

Ex-Secretary Baker, so the newspaper tale runs, gives General Scott credit for the Conscription Act. That seems to us to be a terrible thing to say of any man! It's like giving Pilate "credit" for crucifying Jesus, Torquemada "credit" for the Inquisition, Kaiser Wilhelm or Poincaré or Sir Edward Grey "credit" for the Great War. General Scott must be a complacent gentleman if he is willing to bear this badge of infamy through the ages.

A judge in Pennsylvania has recently granted an anti-picketing injunction which forbids strikers to attend church where non-union men are worshiping—even their own church if non-union men are present! Ordinarily injunctions are not needed to keep men away from church, but strike conditions alter cases!

H. G. Wells declares that the Baldwin government in England "is headed straight for war." It requires no such discerning man as Mr. Wells to see this fact. Next only to Mussolini, the Chamberlain-Churchill-Baldwin crowd is the most serious menace to peace in Europe.

Upton Sinclair, in his latest book, "Money Writes," speaks this important word:

> All my life I have lived in the presence of fine and beautiful men going to their death because of alcohol. I call it the greatest trap that life has set for the feet of genius; and I record my opinion that the Prohibition amendment is the greatest step in progress taken by America since the freeing of the slaves.

J. H. H.

Across the Yellow River and On to Ningsia

On the face of it, there seems no real reason why the Yellow River should not be crossed with comparative ease. The junkmen are efficient; they are used to handling the military trucks of Marshal Feng and other generals. The road, while atrocious, is still possible, as the Buick and Dodge sedan proved by making it without mishap. Yet it remains a fact that the Russian expedition preceding ours lost a car here and that we ourselves wasted nearly a day on the crossing.

Yet the time spent in actual motion was little. Leaving the military headquarters of Ningkapoo at 7 a. m., we had three of our cars on the banks of the Yellow River by 7:50 and all loaded neatly on board the junks by 8 o'clock.

But the auto-truck owing to a puncture failed to arrive. After much delay we were on the swift current, slipping rapidly down and across to the other side, under lowering gray skies on the yellow-brown stream. The crossing took only half an hour.

Now followed about a mile of horrible road, partly across ploughed fields and partly through mudholes, leading at last to a fairly good main road to Ningsia, our destination.

In the late afternoon our road lay across a stretch of desert. Deer appeared once and all cars stopped to go hunting for a few minutes but without result. Soon the rosy glow of sunset spread upward in a pale unearthly golden light which covered half the sky and faded, leaving us benighted on the desert.

There followed a series of mishaps, due to poor

preparation. Borodin's car proved to have no lights; Percy's last inner tube got punctured and the necessary patches for which he had asked previously to repair the other tubes, were miles ahead on the truck. He went for a few miles and the outer tire was destroyed. Then Borodin's gasoline gave out and everyone stopped while Voloshin repaired lights and poured gasoline in the dark, and while we at last borrowed patches and tools and made repairs in the dark also. By 9 p. m. we reached the village of Huang Wu, and found the members of the green Dodge and the truck happily in bed. We went to bed an hour later, not in Ningsia, as we had hoped, but still a day's journey away, by our slow traveling.

The rest of the way to Ningsia we were promised a good road except for the last few miles. Consequently we arose late, taking a brief rest from the long trip of the day before. At 8:30 we were all ready to start; the green Dodge, in fact, had been allowed to start half an hour before, on the theory, not always justified, that it would do something to prepare the way. The truck with soldiers had also left. There followed our truck, the Buick, and the Dodge sedan. In three minutes, however, before we left the village, a truck broke down with engine trouble and we waited two hours before it was repaired.

The contrast of Russian and Anglo-Saxon temperaments came out in this incident, as in fact it had been coming out for some days. Our Dodge sedan rates as Anglo-Saxon, since the three Chinese in it have had a foreign up-bringing. The two Chen boys in Trinidad and England, and Chang Ke in Yenching College. Percy Chen not only drives his own car, which was not contemplated at first, but is always energetic in helping the other cars.

But the break was one which required mechanics' knowledge and our only mechanic, Voloshin, sat contentedly in Borodin's Buick, one hundred yards ahead, taking no interest whatever. His motto, which has become a byword, is "Never mind"; or in good American-ese: "Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you."

Borodin has enough natural efficiency, plus some ten years in America, to be at times much irritated by the "never mind" attitude of his Russian staff. Our Dodge sedan has attained somehow a reputation for always having things and knowing where they are, whether they be matches, milk, cigarettes or flashlights. Especially the preceding evening, when the lights of the Buick failed and its gasoline ran out and the chief of transport, Voloshin, who drives the Buick, had to come to us to borrow a screwdriver, later some gasoline, and finally a flashlight, Borodin was first irritated and then much depressed. He said to me later:

> When I get angry and lose my temper it is not just at a few mechanics and assistants I am angry. It is our Russian temperament I am critizing. I say to them; "Look at that sedan. They have a flashlight and everyone of them can find it. They did not say: 'Yes, I put it in the car, but now, the devil.'" This is no accident. It is a whole civilization in action. When will you Russians learn it?

There is, of course, something to be said on the other hand for letting nature take its course and not trying to "hustle the East." We might have started out "when in China" to do as the Chinese do. If we had taken the crude springless Chinese carts and fitted them up a bit more comfortably with mattress and springs, and traveled at their regular gait of thirty miles a day, we should have been as far on our road as now. To quote Borodin again: "China will break very many American machines before they break her." If we had taken the Chinese cart method, then Voloshin's easy-going "Never mind" would admirably fit the situation. But when one tries to use autos, I think one must have a mind adapted to them—regular, with parts fitting, a bit mechanical, perhaps, but precise.

China at present presents a queer hodge-podge of a few modern inventions superimposed on an ancient mentality. They have automobiles, but the roads break them to pieces. They have electric light in Lanchow, the capital of Kansu, but the street drainage is still so poor that after a strong rain one can swim in the main street. They have women bobbing their hair and doing propaganda work in armies; but most of the women still totter on bound feet and obey their mothers-in-law.

There are perhaps elements in the Russian temperament which are close to the temperament of the Chinese, but there are many others which are alien. The experience of these few weeks has convinced me that Russians, as Russians, are no more acceptable to Chinese than any other foreigner. It is by the friendly attitude of her government and the actual help offered to China's national aspirations that Russia has attained a post of recognized friend in Nationalist China—not by any qualities of temperament of understanding.

We were soon out of the exquisite green of the village and into the desert again. About two miles out we came upon a graveyard whose carved stone horses, lions and cows standing stark against the clear blue sky and bare yellow earth recalled the ruins of some ancient city, Thebes or Karnak. A little later we passed occasional young men bearing rafts on their shoulders—the usual river raft made of many inflated ox skins or goat skins. They were tall, upstanding fine specimens of youthful vigor. Evidently here the Huang Ho runs through rapids; in fact we could see it turning from us into a narrow gorge; these rafts were doubtless making the portage to avoid danger.

From time to time in the desert we saw mounds that looked like carven stone until a nearer approach showed them to be only heaps of earth worn into shape by action of wind and rain. About noon we came to an exquisite scene, a charming building of Chinese architecture in the pagoda form, with a bridge leading over a swiftly flowing canal.

Soon after this we found ourselves leaving the desert and entering the irrigated regions which surround Ningsia. Very marvelous systems of canals they were, drawing their water by wheels from the Yellow River, sending it in a system of several main canals and countless smaller channels, crossing high above roadways by aqueducts which looked from a distance like bridges till a nearer approach showed water dripping between the boxes that composed them. The country which had been bare and desolate, turned into a garden of vegetables and corn. The houses and towns were of brick, sun-dried, but still a great advance over the mud hovels we had seen so often. The road itself was wider, firmer, and though parts of it still led in steep arches over the many water channels, other parts might have been photographed as a good average motor road even for America.

We reached Ningsia late in the evening. General Meng, commander, had already reserved for us a compound of four or five buildings, evidently used for public lectures and recreation. Vivid Kuomintang placards and posters adorned the walls, tables and benches for lectures or school purposes filled the spacious halls. We

staked out our spots indoors or out as we chose, as there were wide porches, got out beds and went to sleep, feeling that the first half of our journey was accomplished. We were in the last big town of China on the way to Urga. As soon as gasoline and repairs could be attended to, we were to launch out into the sands and plains among the nomad peoples of Alashan and Mongolia.

ANNA LOUISE STRONG.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1927)

PART IV—CHAPTER XI

Intimate European Contacts

This chapter has brought me to a stage, where it becomes necessary for me to explain to the readers how this story is written from week to week.

When I began writing it, I had no definite plan before me. I have no diary or documents on which to base the story of my experiments. I write just as the Spirit moves me at the time of writing. I do not claim to know definitely, that all conscious thought and action on my part is directed by the Spirit. But on an examination of the greatest steps that I have taken in my life, as also of those that may be regarded as the least, I think it will not be improper to say that all of them were directed by the Spirit.

I have not seen Him, neither have I known Him. I have made the world's faith in God my own, and as my faith is ineffaceable, I regard that faith as amounting to experience. However, as it may be said that to describe faith as experience is to tamper with truth, it may perhaps be more correct to say that I have no word for characterizing my belief in God.

It is perhaps now somewhat easy to understand why I believe that I am writing this story as the Spirit prompts me. When I began the last chapter I gave it the heading I have given to this, but as I was writing it, I realized that before I narrated my experiences with Europeans, I must write something by way of a preface, which I did and altered the heading.

Now again, as I start on this chapter, I find myself confronted with a fresh problem. What things to mention and what to omit regarding the English friends I am about to write of is a serious problem. If things that are relevant are omitted, truth would be dimmed. And it is difficult to decide straightaway what is relevant, when I am not sure even about the relevancy of writing this story.

I understand more clearly today what I read long ago about the inadequacy of all autobiography as history. I know that I do not set down in this story all that I remember. Who can say how much I must give and how much omit in the interests of truth? And what would be the value in a court of law of the inadequate *ex parte* evidence being submitted by me of certain events in my life? If some busybody were to cross-examine me on the chapters already written, I know that he might be able to shed much more light on them, and if it were a hostile critic's cross-examination, he might even flatter himself for having shown up "the hollowness of many of my pretensions."

I, therefore, wonder for a moment whether it may not be proper to stop writing these chapters. But so long as there is no prohibition from the voice within, I must continue the writing. I must follow the sage maxim, that nothing once begun should be abandoned unless it is proved to be morally wrong.

I am not writing the autobiography to please critics. Writing it is itself one of the experiments with truth. One of its objects is certainly to provide some comfort and food for reflection for my co-workers. Indeed I started writing it in compliance with their wishes. It might not have been written, had Jeramdas and Swami Anand not persisted in their suggestion. If, therefore, I am wrong in writing the autobiography, they must also share the blame.

But to take up the subject indicated in the heading. Just as I had Indians living with me as members of my family, I had English friends too so living with me in Durban. Not that all who lived with me liked this. But I persisted in having them. Not that I was wise in every case. I had bitter experiences in some cases, but these included both Indians and Europeans. And I do not regret the experiences. In spite of them, and in spite of the inconvenience and worry that I have often caused to friends, I have not altered my conduct and friends have kindly borne with me. Whenever my contacts with strangers have been painful to friends, I have not hesitated to blame them. I hold that believers who have to see the same God in others that they see in themselves, must be able to live amongst all with sufficient detachment. And the ability to live thus can be cultivated not by fighting shy of unsought opportunities for such contacts, but by hailing them in a spirit of service, and withal keeping oneself unaffected by them.

Though, therefore, my house was full when the Boer War began, I received two Englishmen from Johannesburg. Both were Theosophists, one of them being Mr. Kitchen of whom we shall have occasion to know more later. These friends too often cost the wife bitter tears. Unfortunately she has had many such occasions on my account. This was the first time that I had English friends to live with me as intimately as members of my family. I had stayed in English houses during my days in England, but there I conformed to their ways of living and it was more or less like living in a boarding house. Here it was quite the contrary. The English friends became members of the family. They adopted the Indian style in many matters. Though the appointments in the house were in the Western fashion, the internal life was mostly Indian. I do remember having had some difficulty in keeping them as members of the family, but I can certainly say that they had no difficulty in making themselves perfectly at home under my roof. In Johannesburg these contacts went farther forward than in Durban.

M. K. GANDHI.

(Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai.)

The Modern Curse

Every one knows about the favorite pastime of a great number of our civilized and free-thinking men and women of this day: automatic writing, especially perhaps under its most characteristic aspect; the Ouija board. We will not attempt to describe a Ouija board performance; enough to say that it consists essentially in sitting down in a nice chair, emptying oneself of whatever one may have of so-called thinking elements, and waiting for something to happen.

"Waiting for something to happen!" Let us propose to erect a monument to the Ouija board, as a symbol of our modern humanity of unconscious but never too willing "mediums" waiting tirelessly to have something done unto them. Passivity—which in its exaggerated and more spectacular aspect becomes mediumship proper, spiritualism, psychism and the like—is the capital sin of the masses of our humanity, the cancer eating at the heart of our supposed civilization.

Whether on one plane or another nearly all of us today are rejoicing in having things done, not only for us, but to us; that is to say, in opening ourself to impacts from the outside, delivering unwillingly the keys of our sanctuary to any one who happens to wear a suit of a familiar color, never going out into the world to experience as self-conscious and self-assertive individualities, but letting the world make impressions upon our senses and brains, and reacting but feebly thereto, mostly accepting the thing done to us as a gift of God. We have delivered our identity and integrity into the hands of middlemen between life, or nature, and ourselves. We accomplish our most sacred duties and most essential functions as it were by proxy. Thus we have lost the integrity and power of our individual will, of that which in us is the experiencer and the only true liver, and have become merely a collection of sense- and brains-impressions floating on the demented sea of our age.

It is only by isolating the two great currents of life in us that we can hope ever to understand the chaos of our modern world and our modern culture; by differentiating all that belongs to the centrifugal and active will experiencing the multitudinous relations of life, from what is included in the never-ceasing stream of centripetal impressions and sensations reaching our consciousness.

Thus thoughts proper must be differentiated from brain-impressions and compound memories, spiritual experiences of the self from feeling holy in the dim light of churches; and in music, the mirror of all our cultural life, real tone-experiences from getting one's ears tickled by pleasant harmonies or one's sentimentality petted by luscious melodies.

We will come back to music presently; but let us first understand that there can be no real experiences where there is no entity to experience. The self alone controls experiences. For to experience means to go out and into the thing to be experienced. To sit in a chair and listen beatifically to the radio is no experience, no more than to absorb emotions from a motion picture house is an experience, no more than to swallow newspapers or magazine news or opinions is an experience.

Experience means independent action, struggle, and, if fruitful, victory over matter, over any material whatsoever, the soil tilled or the ideas conquered. But today we eat foods which are canned or adulterated in a thousand ways so that the creative experience of bringing food out of the earth is utterly forgotten and thus life-forces are absent from the food which feeds yet nourishes not. Likewise we memorize words and the solution of problems and so-called accurate facts which are but lifeless nomenclatures not live actualities, and we have lost the joy of struggling with concepts, of taming ideas, of thinking heroically. Instead we have mechanical brain-processes.

We let ourselves be fed with some one's else thoughts, with some one's else emotions. Our loving is not even our own: it is manufactured on the screen by sensational stars, of whom we swallow the kisses, the passionate embraces, the vamping technique. Our loving is but a regurgitation of this cheap emotional stuff—exactly as when we feel good we whistle out of key the pale melodies which we have absorbed day and night, rather than create songs that are our own and sing out our victorious selfhood.

The allegory of Tantalus ought to be reversed. It is not that the modern man is hungry, vainly trying to grasp food which ever eludes him. Modern society practices on us all the medieval torture by water, the forcible ingurgitation of gallons and gallons of liquid, until our stomach bursts out, until our red blood becomes a lifeless lymph. We are attacked by a plethora of denatured food, of animal meat in a stage of arrested putrefaction. We are bombarded by newspapers, magazines, radios, phonographs, motion picture houses, preachers, prophets and what not. Everything is made easy. What you want you get. The strength of healthy, natural desires is lost; because there is no trouble in anything material, we give up to materiality winning day in day out over us. At any time of the day or night people are doing things for us, to us, insisting, potentially if not actually, that we should accept their prepared fare. There is no silence, no peace, no isolation. It grows, grows . . . From everywhere society forces us to accept its wares, forces us to buy its dopes, to wear its stiff collars and its B. V. Ds, to drink its sterilized water and its ice cream sodas. The supreme achievement of the age is publicity, salesmanship: viz. how to force people to swallow food when not hungry. Overfed, over-burdened with tinsel riches, breathless, devitalized by comfort, sickened by lack of exertion, man absorbs, absorbs, loses not only the power of acting independently, but even the power of reacting to impressions. Like the poor goose he is forcibly fed till the "liver" in him becomes a flabby mass of disease, which our "civilization" will savour in cabarets filled with soul- and flesh-prostitution.

Not to experience as a self means spiritual death. Passivity and mediumship are spiritual death. Our society is spiritually dead and mentally drugged, in spite of its churches, its schools, its universities, its museums, its books, its theatres, its concerts, its radios, its films, its millions of "in-

tellectuals" with "scientific" minds; not only in spite of those, but *because* of them. For they are all witnesses to this spiritual-mental death; they are the products of this death, worms feeding on the corpse of man. Man died because he ceased to experience, to go out and conquer the world. Because he sat down in front of the universe, taking it as a huge Ouija board, waiting for spooks or gods, or worse still God, to do something to him. The universe became a vast swarm of locusts and the human soil is bare and desolate under a cloud of devastating insects.

Take the example of music. The army of virtuosi let loose upon our musical consciousness is indeed like a locust swarm, now that it is multiplied *ad infinitum* by phonographs and radios, now that its strains have become unescapable living as we do in promiscuous tenements (gilded or dirty as they may be) with all our neighbors enjoying in turn, or simultaneously, the musical fare while quarreling at the top of their voices, or eating breakfast, or taking their bath. Virtuosi and concerts flourish only where music is dead in the heart and soul of men. It is because men *are* no longer music, because they can no longer breathe, love, work in music, because they have cut themselves loose from the source of universal harmony, because they are frightened and craving to forget, that they crowd to hear *music done to them,* that they sit down and passively listen to some great emoter, living music in him by proxy, or at best femininely, reflectively—that is, considering things at their best, and barring snobbism, hero-worship, etc. . . . It is also because men can no longer stand the silence, are scared of what they hear from their soul in the silence, that they turn on radio and phonograph at all times, just for the ticklish sensation the sound produces on ears and nerves; whereas once men sang so that they might listen to the voice of their soul.

Music thus has become a dope. It is no longer a subjective tone-experience, as real love is; no longer an essential part of life, the substratum of all life-activities, as it was in archaic countries and still is somewhat in some Asiatic lands, the ever-present link between personal man and the cosmic ocean of self—but merely a meaningless accompaniment to soulless actions in some cases, or in others a flash of emotional excitement reflected from some powerfully moving personality bursting its life out spasmodically for the great pleasure of music-patrons!

The result of such a passivity to thoughts, emotions and other forces of nature is that the individual self ceasing to find in the body and its organs of action a vehicle for direct, positive and creative action, loses all interest in the body, stops energizing it, and retires into a kind of dream-like conditon. Then the body begins to enjoy sensations for the sake of sensations. Being matter it is passive, it merely responds to stimuli, pleasurable or painful. It becomes increasingly sensitive and decreasingly apt to obey the centrifugal impulses of the inner will. It ceases to act physically, that is muscularly; it ceases to assert itself independently, that is to manifest character.

Then a false kind of superficial nervous sensitiveness develops, which is the result of the impoverishment of the magnetic fluid, manifesting in defective blood-circulation and especially in neuritis of various sorts, nervous diseases, etc. . . . As soon as the will ceases to energize the body—be it the animal instinctual will or the higher human will —the body becomes deficient in vitality, in tonic power. The stimulation of jazz, of sexual excesses, of drink and dope, does not and never can take the place of the natural energization from within.

Neither is there any cure to be found for all diseases which are the results of this inertia of the self. As the self shrinks from getting hold of the body, or as the perversion and coarseness of the body hinders the self from using it as a vehicle for action; as the man fails to accomplish his positive duty towards the civilizing of the earth in function of justice and truth, towards the regeneration of art conceived as a vital force of self-expression or as a truly magical operation whereby matter is made the recipient of the human will and shadows forth the glory of human ideas; then disease, then insanity, then death take hold of the individual. Sooner or later comes the destruction of man; the shadows of our betrayals and our lies intone the first bars from the Dance of Death.

D. RUDHYAR.

Unlighted Souls

We pray thee, O thou God of love:
Give to those groping souls,—
To whom the pathway is not clear,
But who seek lofty goals,—
Thy constant and most tender care;
Guard them, and save them from despair.

The heavy clouds of present wrong
Shut out the radiant peak
That marks the summit of their path,
Yet still that goal they seek.
Impelled by Duty's stern command
They move across a gloomy land.

O God, roll back those serried clouds,
Reveal that shining peak,
Grant to those brave, unlighted souls,
One glimpse of what they seek,
That henceforth they may onward go
Illumined by the after-glow.

MARGUERITE EMILIO.

The Prayer of the Air Man

O vastness! lend me thy message,
Darkness enfold me in thy wings,
Mists of the fathomless void
Descend on me,
Fog drench me in thy shadow,
'Ere the light strikes through thee.
As I saw
Through the interminable!
Lightning speed me on,
Resounding thunder and the gale
Uplift me
To the heights of silence,
To that innermost shrine,
Where mystery is no longer mystery,
That altar of the sunset,
Where the shadows of the night,
Are but the dawning of a new day,
That I may better understand
The Maker of Eternity.

IRENE BOWDEN.

The Study Table

Chikamatsu: Japanese Shakespeare

We are, at last, in the way of knowing something of the Japanese theatre. It is but a short time ago that we noticed the remarkable and satisfactory book on "Kabuki, The Popular Theatre of Japan," by Zoë Kincaid (Mrs. Penlington). We now have a good work on the puppet theatre, under the encouragement of the Yamato Society of Tokyo. It is devoted to the works of Chikamatsu, greatest of Japanese playwrights, commonly known as the Shakespeare of Japan.[1] The translations are made, and the long and important introductory is written by Asataro Miyamori, Prof. of English in the Oriental University of Tokyo. The translations have been revised by Robert Nichols, at one time Prof. of English in the Imperial University. In his introduction, Mr. Miyamori gives a rapid sketch of the Japanese theatre. He recognizes four forms—*Noh, Kyogen, Kabuki* and the puppet theatre. It is somewhat uncommon to give *Kyogen* such formal recognition. *Kyogen* are really in the nature of interlude to break the intensity of *Noh* and to give a little relief to overwrought emotion. We shall say nothing here of these different forms. Chikamatsu is known and loved by all Japanese. Nine towns or cities claim the honor of being his birthplace. Miyamori inclines to give the decision to Hagi in Nagato province, though most writers allot it to Kyoto. He was probably born in 1652, as there is a record of his death in 1724 at the age of 72 years. His full name was Chikamatsu Monzaemon. He began his career by writing for *Kabuki* actors but early changed and devoted himself to puppet plays. This style of drama began about 1596 and was well established by 1615. It was the combination of a special form of chanting a story to the accompaniment of the samisen with the action of puppets. There were two kinds of the figures, larger and smaller, the former being favorite and the more characteristic. The large puppets are of such size that the manipulation of a single puppet requires the entire attention of one man, frequently that of two or three men at once. The masking and dressing of these puppets calls for the utmost care and attention to minute details. The men who handle them are completely ignored by the spectators. The main manipulator is recognized, but the assistants, dressed in black, are assumed to be invisible or non-existent. Astonishing skill has been developed in the handling of the dolls and the naturalness of movement and action cause the spectator to forget that they are not living actors. The puppet play has had its history—its beginning, its development, its culmination and its decline. It began in Osaka and Kyoto and spread to Yedo and other places; today it remains, characteristic, but as a lingering reminder of the past, in Osaka. While Miyamori writes chiefly of Chikamatsu, he gives some attention to his famous immediate successors and even carries on to "The Cloud of Flowers," the last written puppet-play, which was given at Yedo in 1853, the year in which Perry knocked at the door of Japan. Chikamatsu wrote 104 puppet-plays. While they present a wide range they fall roughly into two classes—historical and domestic. He, more than any other, introduced the *shinju,* double-suicide through love, into drama. After his introductory sketch, which runs to sixty-two pages, Miyamori gives translations of six full plays, chosen as masterpieces and representing the writer in his different forms. The art of the story-teller is remarkably developed in Japan. His style is definite, peculiar and characteristic. The tale unrolls unbrokenly, with a swing and movement that holds the attention unflaggingly. There are always elements of tragedy. One feels that the actors are swept resistlessly onward to a determined end. All mankind may be one, but the motives, the impulses, the demands of duty, the solution of the problem, in the puppet-plays, as in Japanese life itself, are often unlike our own. The translations are well made and there are many illustrations. These are grouped—those relative to each masterpiece being by themselves at the end of translation. Some of the illustrations are from old color-prints and ancient picture-books, but many are from photographs of the puppets in action and well deserve careful study.

The University of Washington Chap-books deal with a variety of literary and artistic subjects and have been prepared by a number of well known writers, not all of whom are on the University staff. They are daintily made up and rank high in their class. The ninth has recently appeared under the title "Three Women Poets of Modern Japan: A Book of Translations."[2] The booklet has been prepared by the collaboration of Professor Glenn Hughes of the Departments of English and Dramatic Art and Mr. Yozan T. Iwabaki, well known in Seattle Japanese circles. Some time ago under the same collaboration there appeared a book, "Three Modern Japanese Plays," which had an excellent reception. In this new Chapbook the poems are the *tanka* of 31 syllables and, perhaps, some *horku* of 17 syllables. Prof. Hughes contributes a brief introduction, in which he characterizes this miniature, impressionistic, poetical form. The translations are made into "free verse, as brief as possible, not too musical, nor yet too prosaic." More than 90 poems are given, about equally chosen from the three women. Those of each writer are presented together and a few words regarding each precedes the poems. The three poets represented are Yosano Akiko, Yanagiwara Akiko (well known under her pen-name, *White Lotus*) and Kujo Takeko. A sample from each will illustrate both the character of the poems and Prof. Hughes' method of rendering.

> The white iris
> And the purple iris
> Grow side by side in the pond,
> Yet never open their hearts
> To each other.
>
> —Yosano Akiko.

> If a woman be loved, hated and envied
> Her life is worth the living.
>
> —Yanagiwara Akiko.

1. **Masterpieces of Chikamatsu, The Japanese Shakespeare,** Asataro Miyamori. Revised by Robert Nichols. London: 1926. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 80 pp. xiv 359.

2. **Three Women Poets of Modern Japan: A Book of Translations.** Glenn, Hughes and Yozan T. Iwasaki. Seattle: 1927. The University of Washington. 160 pp. 43.

How disagreeable it is
For three women to travel together!
One of them is always lonesome.

—Kujo Takeko.

Dr. Wong owes his inspiration to write this book[3] to an honored teacher, who saw a similarity between the Youth Movement in Germany and that activity in Young China which has produced startling and spectacular events in the Orient. He begins the book with a general chapter on the revolt of youth in China, which is followed by a sketch of the youth movement, which began in Germany in 1896 and has swept the nation since the great war. He does not find the two movements genetically related but he does find a sufficient resemblance between them to use the same name for both. Having thus orientated himself he studies the Chinese youth movement in detail. He speaks of the first Chinese students who went abroad and of the way in which they influenced Chinese life, thought and government, on their return. It was their influence that started the "movement." He finds the cradle in the National University of Peking. He studies the literary renaissance as shown in the vernacular press and the literary revolution. He describes how the students have asserted themselves in 1918 and since in the two great demonstrations against militarism and against Christianity. He sketches ten years of activity, and the end is not yet. In fact, at the moment when he put forth his book the situation was at a crisis. In his concluding chapter he says: "Starting out as a new adventure of a small group of discontented young people, it is today recognized as the most important moving spirit behind the social transformation in China.. . . The common people in China have seen in them their hope; militarists and politicians have learned to respect them; foreign powers who have enjoyed their unquestioned rights in China since the First Opium War begin to recognize the seriousness of what confronts them." All true, and all admitted. The world needs Youth and profits by its enthusiasms. Yet, its latest reports indicate Britain's decision to resume her old position in the Hankow district.

FREDERICK STARR.

An Indian on "Mother India"

A notorious book written* by one Miss Katherine Mayo is receiving widest publicity in the United States and Great Britain. It is specially used as a weapon for powerful propaganda against Indian aspirations. Some days back, I complained bitterly against an article written by Mrs. Katherine Stuart in which in a most scandalous fashion she blackmailed Indian princes. This article was published in the Boston *Sunday Advertiser*. She described herself as the daughter of an important official in Calcutta.

It appears that for such silly stuff, America is a good market, and Miss Katherine's book, we daresay, will find a large sale. It contains throughout a *rechauffè* of all the worst that has been said of India by the more bigoted type of missionaries, globe-trotters, and others. Miss Mayo has evidently been supplied with her materials by interested hands, and she has put them together in some obvious haste. Any one can produce a book picturing the United States in a far worse light without going to the country even for three months—which is the time this lady gave to India—by selecting the worst things which are true, lynching for example. There are other things which are *absolutely false,* and could have originated only in a dirty, morbid imagination. The point is that the author has put things together in such a way as to convey the impression that a particular fact which *might have* occurred sometime, at some place, and among some class, is of universal and habitual occurrence in all India. Her diatribe is against Indians as a whole; among these Indians she is most biased against Hindus; she joins the non-Brahmins in attacking Brahmins. The burden of her song is that British rule is the only redeeming feature in India. We are not backward in acknowledging the benefits of British rule, but it has certainly not been an infallible or omniscient earthly providence, and the slobbering praise which this American lady "of independent means" lavishes on it is nauseating.

Miss Mayo, of course, draws freely from Abbè Dubois' book—a rich store for all who wish to see the dark side of Indian life a hundred years ago. The Abbè was a missionary and viewed Indian life through glasses colored by his religious bias. Few missionaries can afford to take a just view of Indian social and religious life. Far more to be trusted is the estimate of a man who lived for many years among the people of India, working to relieve them of their hardships, and laying the foundations of British rule in India. This was Sir Thomas Munro, who said before a Committee of the House of Commons in 1833:

> If a good system of agriculture, unrivalled manufacturing skill, capacity to produce whatever can contribute to either convenience or luxury, schools established in every village for teaching, reading and arithmetic, the general practice of hospitality and charity amongst each other, and, above all, a treatment of the female sex full of confidence, respect and delicacy, are among the signs which denote a civilized people—then the Hindus (here he means Indians as a whole) are not inferior to the nations of Europe.

Bombay, India. M. D.

Maligning a People

It may seem absurd for one who has never been in India to differ with the opinion of one who has made a comparatively extensive first hand study of that country—even though that study extended over only a few months. As a matter of fact, the specific charges of Katherine Mayo in her book "Mother India" must stand or fall by their relation to the facts which are agreed upon by competent and unbiased witnesses. It is the business of the people of India themselves to present evidence, if there is such evidence, to the court of the enlightend public opinion of the world. It is also, as is recognized by Mahatma Gandhi in his restrained yet searching criticism of Miss Mayo's book, the business of the people of India, in so far as the evils she complains of exist, to eradicate them.

An enlightened Hindu might come to the United States and make a study of our social life. His book might begin with the account of the chain gangs which exist in southern states and then continue with a plain story of our county jails. He might next turn his attention to our habit of burning people alive for trivial offences against social customs. His next chapter might

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3. The Youth Movement in China. Tsi C. Wong, New York: 1927. The New Republic. 16 pp. xv. 245.

* "Mother India," by Katherine Mayo. Published by Harcourt, Brace & Co.

deal with those fine examples of corruption and graft in the municipal governments of many of our large cities. A study of our marriage institutions and customs, in the light of the records of our divorce courts, might be the next field of his investigation. He could deal with considerable length upon the vast difference between our religious professions as individuals and our conduct as a nation in dealing with Indians, Negroes, Chinese and Japanese. These subjects would by no means limit his field of investigation in the spirit of Miss Mayo. Surely he could tell a sordid and nasty story but such a picture would not be a picture of America, as the intelligent Hindu would recognize as quickly as an intelligent American. A so-called fact out of its relations is not a fact. It is just a lie. Even if such a book on America were written, buttressed as it might be by quotations from books written by many people during the past century and by quotations from many of our most ardent social workers, it would not be the truth. Yet in so far as such a book would stimulate Americans to rid themselves of recognized evils it would be of real value, no matter how much harm it might do to us in poisoning the minds of people living in other countries.

It seems to me utterly impossible, however, that any fair-minded American can read Miss Mayo's book without recognizing that she has done the people and the civilization of India a very great injury. A rich and powerful nation can receive criticism with a certain degree of complacency. It is an entirely different matter to people who are poor and who are struggling for recognition of their rights as a people, for their liberty and for an opportunity to attain through their own efforts the highest possibilities of their culture. It can easily be understood why many of the people of India resent bitterly the presentation of such a sordid picture of present day India, distorted because of the setting forth of certain phases of their life entirely out of their relation to other phases of their life and to the historic situation.

It is bad enough for Miss Mayo to misquote Tagore and Gandhi and other leaders of public opinion in India, but it is much worse for her to describe what she calls evils without recognizing the historic factors in their development and the heroic efforts of many Hindus to correct them. To put it very mildly, it is highly unfair for Miss Mayo to fail to recognize the significance of the appearance of many men and women in India during the past century of international fame in the fields of philosophy, religion, science and literature. No one who is intimately acquainted with the Hindu students who have come to the American colleges and unversities can fail to recognize because of their high type of character, their devotion to noble ideals and their earnestness of purpose that there must be something more in India than is represented in Miss Mayo's book.

But far worse is Miss Mayo's indictment of the people of India as unfit to find for themselves a way of development of their own life and culture. The only possible excuse for such an indictment is an ignorance of history. It is the language that has been used during all the ages by dominant peoples. They have always insisted that the people they have crushed under their heels were so crushed because of their own unfitness. And they have triumphantly exhibited the mangled forms of their victims as a decisive proof of their own superiority. This has always been a very saitsfactory conclusion for the ruling class. Abraham Lincoln answered it when he said that no man was born who was fit to rule another. If the experience of mankind reveals anything at all, it surely makes clear that both master and slave are corrupted morally and spiritually by their relationship. Miss Mayo's contention as to what will happen in India in the event of the cessation of British rule is a denial of the principles of the declaration of independence and the principles which animated the lives of every heroic character in American history, and for that matter, in the history of mankind.

The existence of poverty, ignorance and superstition in India is no more an argument for the continuation of the British Raj in India than it would have been for the continuation of negro slavery in America. The continuation of so much ignorance and poverty after one hundred years of British rule compels the reader of Miss Mayo's book to turn from her opinion as to the value of alien leadership to the fundamental ideas of democracy. The thoughtful reader of her book is forced to recognize the utter futility of an attempt to indict a whole people. He cannot find in it a shred of evidence that will lead him to believe that the people of India are so unique, so different from the rest of mankind, that they are to be denied the recognition of the experience of mankind.

The Indians as other people will slowly but surely find their way to that opportunity which we envisage under the word democracy. No amount of the recital of existing weaknesses can deprive them of their right to hope and to strive for the opportunity to realize their own destiny by the use of such powers as they possess.

ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY.

Correspondence

The Lausanne Conference

EDITOR OF UNITY:

I have been reading with admiration and delight the UNITY editorials, especially the Sacco-Vanzetti numbers, in fact, all the editorials. It is surely refreshing to have even a few editors who have the courage to expose the superficial camouflaging of this present time. For instance, what a staged farce that Lausanne performance was, and then to have men like Bishop Manning and Parkes Cademan come here and tell us that it was a success as an advance step. A delegate from Scotland confesses that "there was a sense of unreality in the formal proceedings; they seemed so remote from the actualities of the present day; one had an impression that the world had turned back and that we were sitting in the council of Chalcedon or Nicaea. All these matters had been discussed in exactly the same way centuries before. This impression was heightened by the fact that through the open windows of the hall the noises of the busy modern world came to our ears. What relation had such remote subjects of dogma and rite to those common people in the market square?"

Thirty-four years ago I attended the Parliament of Religions in Chicago, when representatives of all the religions of the world were present, such as Mozoomdar from India who was one of the leaders of the reform movement known as the Brahmo Somaj. That great assembly got near enough together to repeat the Lord's Prayer in unison led by Cardinal Gibbons. Yet Bishop Manning, speaking of the Lausanne Conference, says: "No such conference has ever been held before since the Christian world became divided"!!! Which is simply un-

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

EVENTS IN GERMANY DURING THE SUMMER 1927

[From our Correspondent in Germany]

(Continued)

II

Werkbund Exhibit: The Home

Among the many exhibits which were held in Germany this year, that of the Deutscher Werkbund "Die Wohnung" (The Home) has probably caused the most comment. The city of Stuttgart, where the exhibit was held, set aside a large plot on a hill above the city and financed the erection of a number of houses planned by foreign as well as German architects. This gave the exhibit a truly international character.

In addition to the buildings three other exhibits were included under the caption "The Home." One exhibit showed plans of homes, another interior decorations, while a third was composed of exhibits of electrical and gasfitting firms. The houses, however, which gave actual demonstrations of modern housing conditions, attracted the most attention. In all the houses the attempt was made to get away from the traditional idea of home-planning, and create a habitation which might be more in accord with the demands of the modern man and woman. This attempt did not always meet with success.

One of the greatest deviations in home-building was noticed in the flat roofs. For the visiting American this is nothing new, but the gabled roof is so closely associated with every German landscape that a grouping of flat-roofed houses gave the impression of something tropical, if not exotic. The Germans spoke of the houses are being "roofless"! It is questionable whether the flat roof is fitted for the climate of Germany. The winters are long, and there is considerable rainfall all the year 'round, so that the pointed roofs, which dry more quickly than flat roofs seem to be rather a requirement. The many roof-gardens and open porches, too, seem to anticipate a mild, sunny climate. It is a very welcome change, however, to have architects regard light and air as the first requirement of a home, rather than plan rooms which delight an interior decorator. This was evident in all of the houses; in some an entire side of the living-room was composed of windows.

As a rule the homes consisted of a large living-room, one end of which was the dining-room, and then rather small bedrooms, kitchen and bath. For the European the installation of a well-appointed bathroom and running water facilities in the bedroom is rather an innovation. The average American is so spoiled in this respect that this part of the exhibit will not strike him as being anything new, but for the European it is a large step in advance. The kitchen, too, is sadly behind the times in the majority of European homes, so that the nicely appointed kitchens with warm and cold running water, gas range and other modern appliances, proved to be the greatest point of interest for the German housewife.

In visting the exhibit one heard repeatedly the word "amerikanisch" (American), which is the German's way of describing innovations that are noticeably practical. A window in the wall between kitchen and dining-room, through which dishes can be passed, aroused much comment. It is to be welcomed that European architects have at last seen the necessity of having some connecting link between kitchen and dining-room. The usual arrangement in a European home and apartment is to have the dining-room and kitchen on opposite sides of the hall or foyer, which makes many steps necessary. Then, too, in homes where stoves heat the separate rooms, as is the case in Europe (steam-heating is still regarded as rather a luxury) the warm dishes receive rather a cooling while being carried through the cold hall, to say nothing of the housewife or cook!

The interior decorations exhibit showed beautiful effects in color and form. Here the Germans are in many ways in advance of other nations. They have a sense of comfort and understand how to combine it with beauty. Some of the younger decorators, of course, go to extremes, but the majority of exhibits were a delight to the eye.

The exhibit of appliances to be used in the home brought nothing new, except, perhaps, the names of new vacuum cleaners, washing-machines, etc.

The homes which the city of Stuttgart erected for this exhibit (60 in number) will remain the property of that city and are to be rented. No doubt all will soon be occupied. The city of Stuttgart had appropriated money for the erection of 1,600 new homes for the present year, and of these 60 were planned for this exhibit by architects from Germany, France, Belgium, Holland and other countries. The problem of furnishing enough homes for its inhabitants is one of the great problems which Germany is trying to meet, hence, the building of homes by various cities for their citizens. Through the actual use of these new homes the architects can best find out how they are liked and whether they are truly "livable." The cost of erection was kept as low as possible through the use of materials which are low in price, such as concrete, fire-bricks, and various newly invented artificial stones, and the wearing quality of these materials can only be judged after several months' time.

The chief benefit which will result from this exhibit is the inspiration and incentive to more and better work along these lines, which is beng spurred on by the many criticisms, favorable and adverse, which the exhibit has called forth. Most of the architects who were represented in the exhibit are still young and they will grow through their contact with their international colleagues.

III

The Heidelberg Festival Plays

Germany is fast becoming the land of festival plays. During the past summer many visitors from the United States took part in the various musical and dramatic offerings, in spite of the general uncertainty of the weather. Possibly the most interesting performances, from the artistic standpoint, were the festival plays given in the Courtyard of Heidelberg Castle. Of the 40,000 persons who attended these performances, it is estimated that about one-third were Americans. The setting alone made a pilgrimage to Heidelberg worth while. Those who know the romantic charm of this beautiful ruined castle can readily understand how effective an outdoor performance within its walls can be. During the past summer three plays were presented under the able management of Gustav Hartung by a company of leading artists gathered together from various German theaters. These plays were Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Macbeth," and Kleist's "Käthchen von Heilbronn." Twelve performances of "Midsummer Night's Dream" and five of "Käthchen von Heilbronn" were given in the Courtyard, and six performances of "Macbeth" were given in the Bandhaussaal adjoining the Courtyard on the evenings when the weather made an open-air performance impossible.

It is difficult to describe the charm of these outdoor offerings. Whether the charm is due merely to the romantic surroundings or to the artistic arrangement, is hard to tell. A similar performance held in the United States would no doubt show a greater display of expensive and elaborate costuming, but the effect would nevertheless not be so perfect. Titania and her train tripping it lightly over the grass against a background of the ruined castle wall, through which the moonlight shone, gave an effect which no electric lighting could possibly produce. Similarly, when, in "Kätchchen," the stamping of the horses' hoofs on the cobblestones of the outer court were heard and the mounted knights entered the scene at a gallop, one was literally transported into the days of chivalry and castle walls.

These effects cannot be artificially brought about. The natural beauty of the park surrounding Heidelberg Castle greatly heightened the effect of the plays. After the performance one wandered back to the city through avenues shaded

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true. Even your neighbor, Dr. Norwood, calls it a "pathetic failure." It was properly characterized by you when you said "that of all the farces staged in our time, this conference takes the cake." Bishop Manning said of the Lausanne Conference: "I think it marks a great advance in the way that leads toward unity." "It was agreed unanimously that the Nicene and Apostolic creeds must be accepted as declarations of the Christian faith." Think of that, when one of the most prominent ministers in Manning's own diocese recently repudiated the Apostles' Creed. Think of what happened in St. Paul's Cathedral the other day when Bishop Barnes was preaching. And just now the Baptist Church in Ontario, Quebec, is split square in two—the Fundamentalists or Regular Baptists forming a separate organization. But the crown and consummation of Bishop Manning's conclusion is when he says that "the Anglican Church is fortunate in having historically held to a middle course, so it is now in a position of arbiter." Think of that in the present condition of the Anglican Church in England! As the grave digger in Hamlet said to his fellow, "Ay, tell me that, and unyoke."

W. Mitchell.

St. Guelph, Ont.

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by majestic trees charmingly lighted by open-flaming gas lamps, which very aptly imitated the light of burning torches.

The music accompanying these dramas was aptly chosen. For outdoor performances, where no change of scenery can take place, music is almost indispensable to break the continuity of action on the stage. The well-known Mendelssohn music, which is the usual accompaniment to "Midsummer Night's Dream" seemed out of place in the Courtyard setting. It is not exactly "outdoor" music, but more "concert" music. The music by Ernst Krenek is not only in harmony with the rendition of the play, but also accentuates certain moments and actions very fittingly, making the "point" more noticeable, especially in the more humorous situations. The music of Weber's "Euryanthe" was adapted by E. A. Herrmann to "Käthchen" with very satisfying results. A chorus of trained voices brought a fitting climax to the orchestral numbers.

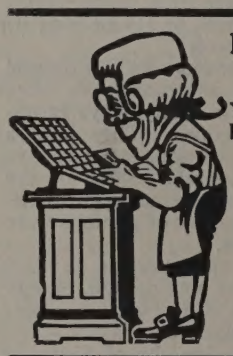
Thus Germany, in making so good use of her cultural treasures, is again drawing tourists within her borders and is offering them something which is not only worth while, but something which can be had only in those surroundings which Germany alone has at her disposal. So through personal contact many existing misunderstandings will vanish.

Peace-Conventions, both national and international in character, were held in Würzburg and in Erfurt. Unfortunately, the spirit of peace is still sadly lacking in many of those who call themselves pacifists.* But peace is being advertised nevertheless, the press is informing the masses of the work that is being done, or that is being attempted, and so the good work goes on, slowly but surely.

THEODOR HAHN.

(Concluded.)

*At the Würzburg meeting, when the discussion took a very excited turn, an English Quakeress asked that ten minutes be devoted to silence, in order to find once more the quiet of Christian temperance. Her request was granted.



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